

Movie Night

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/16924158) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/16924158>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Charlie Countryman (2013) , Adam (2009) , Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom
Relationship:	Nigel (Charlie Countryman)/Adam Raki
Characters:	Nigel (Charlie Countryman) , Adam Raki
Additional Tags:	Hannibal Extended Universe , Trans Character , Trans Male Character , Movie Night , Scary Movies , Kissing , nuzzling , fingering (front hole) , Light Nipple Play , (post top surgery) , Edgeplay , penetrative sex (front hole) , Riding , Very happy ending , Podfic Welcome , do not copy to another site , Trans Adam Raki , hand job (on a trans man)
Language:	English
Series:	Part 82 of Tiger's Mads x Hugh Rare Pair fics , Part 17 of Non Cis Fics
Stats:	Published: 2018-12-09 Words: 4,200 Chapters: 1/1

Movie Night

by [TigerPrawn](#)

Summary

Adam wants to watch the scary movie, Nigel wants to distract him. Welcome to movie night, come for the popcorn, stay for the edging.

Notes

I've been unsure about writing trans Adam, but I'm really pleased with how this came out! Thanks for requesting it rhysie, and massive thanks to DrJLecter for the beta read <3



“That’s very distracting,” Adam grumbled when Nigel shifted in his seat, squeezing the meat of Nigel’s thigh and leaving his hand there in a gentle grip. He shifted slightly, leaving his hand in place but causing the oversized sweater he enjoyed taking from Nigel’s wardrobe to fall from his shoulder.

Nigel huffed but said nothing, enjoying the pressure of Adam’s hand and smiling. It was the sort of touch that Adam liked, to feel grounded when he was not doing okay. It made Nigel’s chest warm to know that he was doing the same in return. He had to hold himself back from leaning in and kissing Adam’s now bare shoulder. He loved it when Adam was soft and relaxed like this, no button ups and smart slacks, even if it did mean stealing Nigel’s good sweater.

They went back to watching the movie. The scary movie.

Nigel hadn’t meant to jump, dislodging Adam slightly from where he rested back against Nigel’s chest.

It wasn’t so much that Nigel was scared of the movie, but the jump scares? Fuck he hated those. It could be a movie about kittens and jump scares would set him off - an automatic response to years working in violence. It paid to be responsive, but it also gave him a hair trigger when it came to reactions to certain things - like fucking jump scares.

Nigel placed his hand over Adam’s to keep it on his thigh, as he snuggled Adam close. Adam hummed his approval and they settled like that again to continue watching.

Adam grumbled at another jolt not much later, a shiver crawling over Nigel’s spine. Okay, maybe he was a little freaked - but it was still the fucking jump scares - they got his blood pumping, and not in a good way. He was growing more and more on fucking edge, like he was waiting for a deal to go sideways.

Nigel tried to focus on the good ways his blood got pumping and drew Adam closer to him again, dropping his lips to rest on Adam’s shoulder but making no further move. This earned

an annoyed huff, which made Nigel grin. He leaned in and buried his face in Adam's neck. This way he could avoid the jump scares whilst distracting Adam at the same time.

"I know you're just trying to distract me," Adam pointed out, "if you don't want to watch the movie we can turn it off."

"No darling, you wanted to watch it, we can watch it," Nigel rumbled next to his sweet boy's ear.

"Good, because I heard the twist is very surprising, but I'm sure it's that they're all dead already. I want to know if I'm right," Adam explained, his breath now a little heavy despite the matter of fact tone. Maybe Nigel's nuzzling of his neck had him thinking about good blood pumping too?

They fell silent, other than their increasingly laboured breaths, as Adam watched the movie intently. Nigel was happy to ignore the television entirely, focusing instead on worrying the soft skin at Adam's nape.

"Nigel," His name was almost a whine in Adam's mouth, "Stop..."

The word was weak but meant, so Nigel stopped nuzzling at Adam but buried his face all the same.

"You don't like this," Adam ventured, no change in his tone but Nigel knew that he was curious and that he never knew when to limit his curiosity for the comfort of others. Adam's bluntness was one of the things he loved about him, even if he was on the receiving end at times.

"I always like this," Nigel deflected, "snuggling with you on the sofa is one of my favourite things."

Adam huffed and shook his head at the same moment as some spectre flashed onto the screen.

Nigel startled, his hand at Adam's thigh gripping so tightly that he let out a small cry of pain.

"Fuck," Nigel muttered softly and pressed his lips to the back of Adam's shoulder in apology.

"Please Nigel, tell me what's wrong. I don't like it when there is clearly something wrong but you say there isn't. I'm not stupid."

"Oh darling, I don't think you're stupid, I..." Nigel trailed off. He so wanted to keep Adam from all the bad things in his life. He had explained his past to Adam in sometimes graphic detail. There was no lying to the man and he found he didn't want to. He had intentionally framed it in logic and reason that he knew Adam would understand, but he had been honest all the same.

That had been years ago now, and he had wanted to keep those revelations in the past as much as the past itself. It didn't occur to him that there would be these things, now and then, that brought the past back to the present where it didn't belong.

That violence, that fear, that old Nigel - none of it belonged with his darling Adam.

It didn't matter. He couldn't lie, not to Adam.

"The film scares you," Adam inferred before Nigel could say anything.

At that Nigel felt his chest ease, and a chuckle well up from within. He shook his head and kissed Adam's soft nape again, nuzzling up into his hairline.

"No darling, not... I'm not scared, but it startles me. I... I've told you before, my old line of work was dangerous," He felt Adam tense under his hands. "I became accustomed to reacting quickly if someone jumped out on me, or stormed into my office. When there is something startling in the film I react much the same way. It's involuntary, like."

"I understand," Adam cut him off, relaxing once more and settling back against him. "We can turn it off, or... you could distract me some more, I don't mind."

Nigel couldn't help the grin that spread over his face. His perfect fucking Adam. He was sure he did understand, at least had a reasonable enough comparison in his head that he made sense of what Nigel was saying and empathised with his own, specific, reasoning.

"Keep the movie on," Nigel's words were a low rumble as he relaxed back against the sofa and pulled Adam closer to him. He positioned himself enough so that he was almost fully reclined, with his legs either side of Adam, who lay back against his chest.

Nigel ignored the television completely, allowing Adam to continue his viewing whilst he pressed soft kisses behind Adam's ear.

Rewarded with Adam's breath becoming a little shorter, Nigel began to slowly pull up Adam's sweater, running his hands over exposed, warm flesh. It was difficult, but he resisted tearing it off over his head, instead gently snaking a hand up to toy with a nipple. And it was worth the effort as Adam trembled beneath his fingers.

Adam let out an almost inaudible whimper as Nigel ran his hands over him, making no move to pull the sweater off. Nigel knew how to tease his little fucking darling just right.

"So gorgeous," Nigel muttered, resting his head to look over Adam's shoulder and watch his finger play over soft, porcelain flesh. Adam could be cut from the same stone as statues of the old gods if not for the little tells that he was in fact human - the way his muscles quivered as Nigel's fingers ran lightly over them, the way his flesh flushed with want.

Nigel traced along Adam's scars before circling his fingers lightly back up to Adam's nipples.

So fucking perfect, his Adam, now letting out a shaky breath.

Nigel loved the feel of his skin, the almost invisible downy fuzz that covered him, the muscles beneath that were toned but not overly so. The slightly more substantial, dark happy trail that Nigel now ran his fingers down to. He trailed one finger lightly over the hair, his own pulse now racing as his mind was already three steps ahead of his body.

He hesitated for a moment before starting to undo Adam's trousers, but there was no protest, only a sharp intake of breath as Nigel continued. He could see Adam was biting on his lower lip, his brow creased slightly as he tried to watch the movie and not be distracted by the journey Nigel's hand was making. It was fucking adorable.

Nigel swallowed, and stilled, his cock was throbbing - having Adam so pliant and open to his ministrations always was such a fucking turn on. He knew if he moved too soon he was going to come in his pants, so he stopped and caught his breath, before sliding his hand under the band of Adam's underwear.

"Oh fuck, gorgeous. You're so wet," He couldn't help but moan.

Adam nodded, releasing his bottom lip from his teeth to reply, "I've been very aroused since you held my hand to your thigh."

Nigel couldn't help a chuckle, amused and just so full of fucking love. Adam who would sit there with a stiffy so as not to disturb their movie watching. Nigel clearly hadn't been so polite or considerate. Not that that was really Adam's thought process as such, he knew.

Nigel moved further down, sliding two fingers into Adam with a groan. He really fucking loved being inside his boyfriend in anyway he could be. Like they were one - conjoined - it was fucking perfect. He slid them in and out in slow, wet thrusts, enjoying how Adam's breath caught on each surge inwards. Always so receptive.

"You keep watching your movie, okay darling?" Nigel growled next to Adam's ear. It almost sounded like a threat, but Adam nodded, letting out a shaky breath as he did so.

Nigel lowered his mouth to Adam's neck again, sucking and nipping kisses into the flesh there, slowly moving along his exposed shoulder. He enjoyed the whimper as he pulled his fingers back, only to run them up and over Adam's little cock. Nigel grinned against Adam's skin when he felt it twitch at his touch.

"That's where it's good darling," He muttered, not expecting a reply. He did receive a few more sweet sounds from his wonderful boy as he moved his fingers either side of Adam's cock and began to slowly pump it.

After a few minutes Adam was breathing heavily and wriggling back onto his cock, too turned on to sit still.

"Stay still Adam, I thought you wanted to watch the scary movie," Nigel teased, stilling his hand and grinning at the whine that caused.

"Please Nigel, I need to come now," Adam informed him.

The thing with Adam was that he couldn't tease, or at least not without verbally making clear that was his intention. Adam wasn't good with non-verbal cues and at first Nigel had wondered if that would be a fucking mood killer. It wasn't, it just resulted in lots of fucking dirty talk.

“No darling, I want you to sit there and watch your movie whilst I play with you. I’m not going to let you come until the movie’s finished, okay?”

Adam let out what could only be described as a whimper, bit down on his lower lip again and nodded his consent.

Nigel stifled his own groan, his mind racing ahead to what came next now that he had committed them to this course. Or rather who and when.

His face split into a grin as he resumed sucking kisses into Adam’s neck, deep enough to show in the morning, he was sure.

He let his fingers move, a slow slide - pumping Adam’s cock and then alternating every few strokes, slipping down and inside him to slowly thrust. Within minutes he had Adam practically writhing, despite the languid approach, and he knew Adam’s cues enough to know that he’d come soon if Nigel didn’t pull back.

Which he did, abruptly.

He stilled his hand completely, leaving it to rest between Adam’s legs as Adam whimpered and squirmed in an attempt to renew the movement. Instead Nigel moved his other hand, playing lightly with Adam’s left nipple and effectively caging Adam against him.

Adam’s breath hitched but he continued to pull back from the edge of his climax. Adam liked his nipples being played with, but he still didn’t have much sensitivity since his top surgery, so as pleasant as it would be for Adam, it wouldn’t have him screaming.

Nigel loved how Adam was so focused, knowing that he was struggling but clearly determined to do as they had agreed. And damn did Nigel want to test that determination.

He slipped his fingers inside Adam once more and started to gently thrust in and out, whilst making sure to graze that spongy little spot that would start slowly driving his boyfriend mad.

Adam let out a low groan and spread his legs further apart, as far as he possibly could with his trousers still on. The movement pulled the material taut and made it difficult for Nigel to move his hand other than to continue inward motions.

When Adam started letting out his adorable throaty little noises that made clear he was now incredibly close to coming, Nigel removed his entire hand from Adam’s pants. He snaked his wet fingers up Adam’s torso, as Adam let out shaky, panted breaths, shuddering against Nigel as he came down from the near-climax.

Nigel really wasn’t doing himself any favours. He was now harder than he was sure he’d ever been before in his life and Adam writhing against him would likely have him coming in his pants long before the movie was over. Even so, he was committed to the course.

He shuffled Adam a little, “Get up a little gorgeous, let’s get these pants off.”

Adam moved quickly, getting up to hover over Nigel enough for him to pull down Adam's trousers and underwear to his knees before pulling him back into his own still clothed lap. Adam pushed the clothes the rest of the way before kicking them off and once more reclining back against Nigel.

Nigel chuckled, "Fucking eager aren't we? Didn't realise you were so into edging gorgeous," Nigel muttered against the increasingly red and stubble-burned flesh of Adam's neck.

"I... Like it when you touch me, I don't mind when I come, just keep touching me," Adam's reply was blunt.

"Fuck," Nigel muttered, wanting to palm his cock and calm that fucker down, but now Adam was back in the way of such an action and he was determined to last a little longer before rutting against his boyfriend like a fucking dog.

So instead he slid both hands down to Adam's legs, moving them gently to his inner thighs and guiding them apart so that Adam was completely open to him. It took everything in him not to get up and dive between those legs, lick and suck at Adam's gorgeous fucking dick until he came clenching around Nigel's fingers. And maybe he would do that when the movie was over, but from his estimation there still had to be at the least another twenty minutes left, maybe more.

Nigel grit his teeth and started over. This time he had the room to press two fingers into Adam with one hand, whilst stroking Adam's cock with the other. So he did exactly that, fucking his boyfriend slowly in this way until Adam started to moan again and his pulled up sweater slouched back down.

Little beads of sweat were breaking out over Adam's skin and Nigel dearly wanted to lick them all off, but he was completely focused on his slow and torturous rhythm. He brought Adam to the edge once more and then stopped, feeling the quiver of Adam's inner muscles, so on the verge of convulsing completely.

He did this four more times until Adam was near sobbing. In those resting moments Nigel had to pull his writhing boyfriend back up the sofa a little as he'd managed to wriggle himself down, leaving Nigel to chase after him and hunch over.

It was as Nigel lay back once more, bringing Adam up with him to lay against his chest, that the film ended.

Nigel didn't realise at first, he had just started to push his fingers back into Adam who had let out a little cry. Nigel had just assumed it was from the overstimulation, but then the credits started to roll and Adam was moving.

It might as well have been a fucking war cry.

Adam was off him in a shot, standing and pulling his sweater off completely so he was now completely naked other than his socks. Which was a beautiful fucking picture that Nigel would dearly love to have committed to some for of permanent art.

He barely had time to consider if that should be a photo or maybe oil on canvas, when Adam was grabbing for him. He pulled at the side of Nigel's jeans so that he was hoisted flat on his back to the edge of the sofa, leaving a small gap between him and the back of the sofa. He didn't have time to puzzle that further, other than knowing this action was clearly seated deeply within Adam logic, when his boyfriend was attacking his fly.

It took what seemed like both a split second and several long and gruelling minutes before Adam managed to unbutton him and pull his cock out.

Nigel almost came right then, clutching the sofa cushions in his white-knuckled fists.

He was so fucking hard and just the touch of Adam drawing him from his jeans should by rights have had him shooting his load all over them both. However, as if by some miracle, that did not happen. Which seemed a good thing all round because then, with no preamble or conversation, Adam mounted him.

He threw his leg over Nigel into the space he'd created, the other having to remain over the edge of the sofa, straddling him and sinking down in one long movement onto Nigel's cock.

"Holy fucking shit," Nigel screamed the words, instantly grabbing Adam's hips and holding on for dear life to stop his boyfriend riding him for the millisecond it was going to take for him to come. "Wait!" Nigel cried out, "Adam, wait just a-"

Adam tried to move, forcing the muscles in his arms to strain, not exactly in the best position or angle to restrain someone trying to ride his cock.

"You said I could come once the movie ended. It ended, I want to come... Like this..."

Nigel let out a part chuckle part sob of exquisite agony, not relaxing his grip as he squeezed his eyes shut and let his head fall back. Adam took the opportunity to push Nigel's t-shirt up under his chin, stopping just shy of wrestling it off him, but bearing him well enough.

"You're going to fucking kill me," Nigel groaned. Adam had this way of talking dirty when he didn't even realise or intend it. Or maybe it was just that anything Adam said that was remotely sexual made Nigel want to fuck?

At his words Adam stilled and there was some concern in his expression, his eyes were on Nigel's when Nigel opened his again. Those fucking baby blues that only gave him the time of day 50% of the time, tops. He would fucking live and die for those eyes.

"Are you alright? Do you feel unwell?" Adam started to nibble on his lower lip and his eyes were gone again.

"I'm fine... I mean... I'm probably going to pass out when I come if I let you ride me the way you appear to be intending, but-"

"Oh," Adam nodded his understanding of Nigel's hyperbole. "I thought you meant you might have a heart attack. You are getting older and we have been edging for quite some time now."

Fucking older? Nigel was taken aback by that *and* the mention of them both edging - because they fucking had been, hadn't they? If he was going to torture Adam like this again in future, he might want to consider not having the boy practically rutting his cock whilst doing so.

Nigel was about to growl about the age comment - he was only ten fucking years older than Adam, a grown fucking man, not like he was a cradle robber or something - when Adam's mouth quirked into a smile.

"Adam...was that a fucking joke?"

He didn't get the eyes back but he did get Adam's crooked fucking smile and a light chuckle that made Nigel's hold on him relax as he tried not to come from the clenching the laugh caused..

How the fuck was he able to joke with a hard cock in him after all that edging? And Adam's humour was always so-

"Ahh fuck! Hnng..." Nigel cried out as Adam started to ride him - hard. No hesitation, just taking what he was promised.

Every muscle in Nigel's body drew tight as he willed himself not to come. At the very fucking least he'd promised Adam he could and he was damn well not going to just shoot his load and then leave Adam to it. Because truth was, if that happened, Nigel wasn't sure he'd have the physical capacity to go down on Adam or finger him until he came off, so he wasn't. going. to. fucking. come.

He clenched his fucking toes and balled his fists as Adam's hands gripped into his chest hair and his boyfriend proceeded to ride him hard. He barely lifted from Nigel's dick, grinding on it instead as he fucked himself back and forth so that the friction was doing nice things to his own little cock.

Nigel was so close he wanted to fucking cry, could even feel the tears in the corners of his eyes as he tried not to come.

Adam's moans and grunts weren't fucking helping. He already looked half fucking blissed out as his thighs gripped tight against Nigel and he undulated towards his pleasure.

The only way out of it, as far as Nigel could formulate with his brain almost entirely a puddle of goo, was to make Adam come. And he already knew he was close, each time he'd taken Adam to the edge it had been more and more of a near thing. If Nigel's fingers were still on him, he'd having him coming in-

Nigel, with a hand stiff from gripping the sofa cushions, reached forward and lay two fingers against Adam's cock. It wasn't like a clit - bigger, a different shape really - it wasn't as easy as just pushing a fucking button. Ignoring the shitty angle for his wrist, Nigel parted his fingers one either side of Adam's cock. He didn't even need to move them, Adam was already driving against them - hard cock inside him and now a more targeted friction for him to fuck against.

“Please,” Nigel found himself groaning, feeling the slide of Adam’s gorgeous fucking cock between his fingers and the tight heat of him around his own cock. He could marvel for days on end at how this sweet, sexy fucking angel had somehow decided to fall in love with him.

Never was that wonder more flowing through Nigel than when he saw the fucking amazing expression Adam wore when Nigel made him come.

Adam cried out, his mouth going slack for a moment before he whimpered and bit down on his lower lip, his brow creased in a frown. He made a few more sweet little noises as he continued to ride out his orgasm - pushing Nigel’s hand off his now over sensitive cock, but milking Nigel for all he was worth.

And he really was milking him. Because Nigel came the same split second that Adam did. That first hint at the pressure of Adam’s inner muscles closing in on him, had him spilling hot and deep inside Adam. As Adam rode out his climax the tears started to fall from Nigel’s eyes, it fucking hurt so good.

After what seemed like a lifetime, during which Nigel’s cock became over-sensitive to the point of agony, Adam stopped.

He was panting and shaking, he’d come fucking hard too. And he was smiling. Like a fucking angel with the light behind him and his now sweat damp curls framing his face. Nigel could die in that moment and be happy.

Adam let out a light chuckle and let himself fall forward, pressing their sweaty bodies together and nuzzling against Nigel’s neck as he practically curled into his chest. Nigel felt himself soften and slip out of Adam, come following after, though Adam seemed too blissed to care for now. They’d get a shower shortly, but he was more than happy to damn well snuggle his messy Adam as long as he’d allow it.

Nigel wrapped his arms around Adam, nuzzling into his sweaty hair and breathing in the scent of him all sexed out. When he closed his eyes and let out a contented hum, Adam did the same before sleepily mumbling against Nigel’s skin, “We should have a scary movie night more often.”

Nigel huffed a laugh, “We really fucking should.”

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